Glo. Tush that was in thy rage :
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt bee accessary.
La. I would know thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.
La. I feare mee both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to were this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
VVere both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.
La. What is it ?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desines
To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosby place,
Where after I haue solemnely enterred
At *Chertsie* Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant mee this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and *Bartly*, goe a long with mee.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue :
But since you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already *Exit.*
Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the co
Ser. Towards *Chertsie* r
Glo. No to white Fryers
Was euer woman in this hu
Was euer woman in this h
Ile haue her, but I will no
What ? I haue kild her hus
To take her in her hearts ex
With curses in her mouth, te
The bleeding witnesse of h
Hauing God, her conscience
And I nothing to backe m
But the plaine Diuell and
And yet to win her all the
Hath shee forgot already t
Edward her Lord, Whom
Stabd in my angry mood a
A sweeter and louelier G
Framd in the prodigality o
Yong, valiant, wise, and no
The spacious world canno
And will shee yet debace h
That cropt the golden prim
And made her widdow to
On me, whose all not equ
On me that halt, and am vn
My Dukedome to bee a b
I doe mistake my person a
Vpon my life she finds alt
My selfe, to bee a marualou
Ile bee at charge for a Lo
And entertaine some score
To study fashions to ador
Since I am crept in fauour
I will maintaine it with a
But first ile turne yon fel
And then returne lamentin
Shine out faire sunne, till I
That I may see my shadow

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